

W. P. WALTON.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

T. R. WALTON, JR.,

DEPUTY MANAGER.

TERMS.

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WHOLE NUMBER 360.

*At the Greater Gate.*

The singer of the garden gate,  
The sun is full alone;  
He looks back during his ride  
The trembling little dove,  
And pressed it to his bosom.  
And so it told his love.

She who he placed his love  
Revealed him all his aims;  
His heart, he did not reveal  
Her heart, she was alone,  
And he was happier than a king  
Upon a golden throne.

Young men, come out! in ardor to  
This youth, resolute to the pole,  
To the last, to the pole,  
So I'll resent you!

No power on earth shall turn her love  
Away, I swear from me!

I bowed to the summer winds, peeped  
A weary night, and lay down,  
A heavy sales rebuked me, "Come, sleep,  
Come in and go to bed!"

And this was all—I was enough  
The young man mildly lied!

*I Miss Thee, My Mother.*

I miss thee, my mother! The image is still  
The deepest impression on my heart,  
And this tablet so faithful in death must be still  
Bear a like of that image depart.

This tablet torn from thy cheek now I treasure

When my reason could measure thy worth.

When I know too well that the treasure I'd lose  
Could be never replaced upon earth.

I miss thee, my mother! when young health has

died,

And I sink in the languor of pale—

Where—where is the earth that once followed my

head?

And the ear that once heard me complain,  
Other hands may support—great care may fill

For the fond and true are not mine;

I've a blessing he can't be grateful for all

But none

May they follow the spirit in God.

*A Country Doctor.*

There is more truth than poetry in  
the following sketch from the experience  
of a country doctor—a fact that  
more than one of that badly treated  
and worse paid class of individuals  
would be willing to verify on oath.

The poor doctor is called from his  
bed on a stormy night with the stir-  
ring summons—

"Doctor, want you to come right  
away off to Banks'. His child's  
dead."

"Then why do you come?"

"He's poisoned. They give him  
laudanum for paroxysms."

"How much have they given him?"

"None; a great deal. Think he  
won't get over it."

The doctor pushes on through the  
storm, meets with divers mishaps on  
the way, and at length arrives at the  
house of the poisoned patient. He  
finds it all closed—not a light to be  
seen.

He knocks at the door, but no an-  
swer. He knocks furiously, and at  
last a nightcap appears at the chamber  
window, and a woman's voice squeaks  
out—

"Who's there?"

"The doctor, to be sure. You sent  
for him."

"Oh, it's no matter, Doctor. Eph-  
em is better. We got a little skeer-  
ed, kinder. Give him laudanum and  
he slept kinder sound, but he's waked  
up now."

"How much laudanum did he swal-  
low?"

"Only two drops. Taint hurt him  
none. Wonderful bad storms to  
night."

The doctor turns away, buttoning  
up his overcoat under his throat, to  
seek his home again, and tries to  
whistle away mortification and anger,  
when the voice calls—

"Doctor! Doctor!"

"What do you want?"

"You won't charge nothin' for the  
visit will ye?"

*How Diphtheria was Spread.*

A few weeks ago a little girl in St. Albans, who had just recovered from diphtheria, was taken by her parents to visit a family in a neighboring town. She slept with the children in that family, and shortly afterward three or four of them were taken with the malady, and some have since died. The family permitted relatives and neighbors to visit them, and the result is several cases in the neighborhood. They had public funerals, even keeping the remains of one child an unusual time, waiting for another to die, so as to bury them together; and this also spread the contagion. The physician was not powerfully impressed—us some physicians are not—with the contagious character of the disease; therefore, he did not take the necessary precautions for the protection of the neighborhood or of his own family, and the result is that one of his own children has died and another is dangerously ill. A lady who went to one of these houses to robe the victim for the grave has called at houses in the vicinity where there are children, without any change of her garments or any attempt at disinfection, and has funded the children in those families, apparently in utter ignorance of the danger to which she was exposing them.—[St. Albans (Vt.) Me-  
senger.]

*Governor Hampton's Dream.*

The editor of the Columbia (S. C.) Register, in the course of a most interesting account of a visit to Governor Hampton, whom he found greatly improved in strength and steadily recovering from the severe trials through which he recently passed, tells a striking story of a dream which the Governor had at the crisis of his case, and which he told to the visitor, about to take his leave, said to the governor: "At least in all your serious illness you had the devoted love of your own people."

"Ah, yes, sir," was the reply, "ever man more. I believe, as confidently as I do that I live, that the prayers of the people saved my life. I will tell you why I feel and believe it so firmly. Whilst I was lying here at the point of death, she found her husband partially revived under the physician's care. They kissed one another and consented to forget the past. White had not seen one another for months, and there was a bitter feeling between them. When White was stricken with paralysis in his laundry, in alarm, telegraphed to Mrs. White that he was dead. Mrs. White, although she had instituted proceedings for an absolute divorce, hastened to Bay Ridge, where she found her husband partially revived under the physician's care. They kissed one another and consented to forget the past. White declared that his wife's timely coming had saved his life, and he rapidly grew better. Mrs. White at once directed her lawyer to Bay Ridge, where she informed me of the deep and devout petitions put up in behalf of my restoration by the Methodist Conference then in session at Newberry. He then urged upon me to exercise my will to live in response to the supplications of the people of the whole State, who were praying for me night and day in every household in the State. My sister, who had tremblingly brought the letter to my bedside and read it to me, then urged me to listen to the kind, loving words of the man of God, and to rouse my will to live, and I promised her to do so. I fell into a deep sleep that night, and the most vivid dream I ever experienced in my life crossed my slumber. I dreamed I was in a spacious room, and that in it I was moved to all parts of the State, so that I met my assembled friends every where. I remember most distinctly of all old Beaufort, where I had last been. It seemed there were immense assemblies, and as I looked down upon them a grave personage approached me and touched me on the shoulder and said to me: 'These people are all praying for you. Live, live, live!' I never realized anything like it before. It seemed a vision. I awoke next morning feeling the life-blood creeping through my veins, and I told my family the crisis was passed and I would get better." At the close of the touching and thrilling relation he made a speedy recovery and many, many long years of health and usefulness.

On Saturday night, as Mr. White was sitting in an armchair in the parlor, watching his grandchildren at play, he suddenly fell to the floor and died almost immediately. The paroxysm that had before stricken him had finished its work.

*Guards and Protection.*

The New York Post gives the following as a specimen of the benefits of "protection": "The wholesale price of quinine in this country is about \$2.00 an ounce, and in the foreign market about \$3.00 an ounce, a price at which, less for the duty of twenty per centum ad valorem, it could be placed on sale in our own markets. The difference of 60 cents an ounce goes, almost without deduction, into the markets of the two Philadelphia monopolists. A fair estimate of the consumption of quinine in this country is 1,200,000 ounces a year. It is probably, therefore, no exaggeration to say that the American people have for years been paying \$72,000 a year to two firms, whose estimated wealth is twenty millions of dollars. If Congress allows this sort of 'protection' to continue—protection which sustains monopoly and overthrows competition, makes the sick sicker, the poor poorer—it deserves every rebuke that an indignant and wronged people can heap upon it."

We regret to observe the tendency of a large and influential portion of our American press toward the publication of the grossest species of infidelity—the vagaries of eccentric fools who dabble in that which, by nature and education, they know least about. Every speculative pup in the land, who possesses the ability to put his crude and blasphemous whimsies on paper or into words, appears to be a welcome contributor to many journals whose conductors surely do not consider the responsibility they take in thus scattering the vilest and most pernicious trash broadcast among a people now too wise or happy at best.

Many of these productions assume to be scientific, some historical, rhetorical or oratorical, but to them all lurks the unmistakable presence of hell's chief-magistrate, the father of lies and of radicalism, and the prompter and pateate of all soul destroying delusions and deceptions.—[Bentonville (Ark.) Advance.]

In the Massachusetts Legislature a bill under consideration which provides that tramps shall be punished by imprisonment at hard labor for one year, and that "any tramp who shall enter any dwelling house or any unoccupied building, or kindle any fire in the highway or on the land of another, without the consent of the occupant or owner thereof, or shall be found carrying any fire-arms or other dangerous weapon, or shall threaten to do any injury to the person or property of another, shall be punished at hard labor in the House of Correction or State Work-house not more than two years."

None of our other imports, excepting bullion, can approach sugar in value or quantity. In the year 1877, the quantity aggregated over a billion and a half of pounds, and had all of it been carried in American bottoms it would have greatly assisted our shipping interests. The large bulk of this trade should be commanded by American ships, because Cuba, Brazil and Porto Rico, countries which grow nearly two-thirds of the world's sugar production, are eager for improved commercial relations with the United States.

"Some things," said an excited politician, "we can foresee and forestall; and now I foresee and I now will foretell that the day will soon come when our liberties will be no more. This is as certain, my fellow-citizens, and it is as sure as that Romeo founded Rosina."

*Re-united by Sickness, then Separated by Death.*

George H. White, formerly the keeper of a popular hotel in Bayonne, N. J., whose sudden prostration and supposed death in Bay Ridge, Long Island, on the 13th inst., led to a reconciliation between him and his wife, who was endeavoring to obtain a divorce from him, died suddenly at his residence in Bayonne, on Saturday night. Mr. and Mrs. White had not seen one another for months, and there was a bitter feeling between them. When White was stricken with paralysis in his laundry, in alarm, telegraphed to Mrs. White that he was dead.

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# The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, February 7, 1879.

H. P. WALTON, Editor.

This news from Breathitt is encouraging. Jason Little, the cold-blooded wife murderer, has been sentenced to the Penitentiary for life, and a number of noted desperadoes and murderers are awaiting trial. Gambrell, indicted for the murder of Judge Burnell, in hopes of getting a local lawyer as judge and one who is in sympathy with his clan, filed the necessary affidavits against Judge Randall, who vacated the bench. Gambrell's attorneys failed to get the man they wanted, and the facts being certified to the Governor, Judge W. L. Jackson, of the Louisville Circuit Court, was appointed Special Judge, who has already arrived at Jackson. It is quite apparent that Mr. Gambrell will find before his trial gets through that he has jumped from the frying pan into the fire, for with Judge Jackson presiding and Mrs. Kinney prosecuting, his neck is likely to pay the forfeit of his crimes.

Just so sure as Dr. Blackburn or Givens Underwood fails to go into the Convention without a sufficient number of instructed votes, will Judge Wm. Lindsey be our next Governor; and that he will, is the wish of all who prefer genuine, modest merit to men who will pander to any tastes or adopt any means, however degrading, to secure their advancement. Of Judge Lindsey's position, the Courier-Journal says: "We happen to know that Judge Lindsey occupies the same position now that he did last Summer, and has occupied all the time. He has neither the means nor the inclination to run a factor in every voting precinct in the State, but like many others who are not making a canvas, he would be prone to serve the State in that exalted position."

THE Trustees of the Cincinnati Southern R. R., with that hoggishness that has ever characterized them, are endeavoring to force the Common Carrier Company out of competing for the operation of the road, by instituting such restrictions as that no other respectable company will submit to. Taking the road at the time when its operation for so short a distance was but an experiment, and having by good management and a uniform courtesy to the public, gotten up to a paying point, the Common Carriers deserve great consideration, and should not be shaken off now for a company who would not have dared to take its management two years ago.

FANK TURNER, the man who cowardly murdered William Judd, near Williamsburg, an account of which was published at the time, and who was sent for safe keeping to the Covington jail, made his escape Sunday night, by means of a false key. This makes about a dozen prisoners held for murder that have broken jail within the last few months, and the blame should in nine cases out of ten, be charged to the jailer, who should be held personally responsible for the escapes.

THE United States Court in session at Alexandria, Va., has decided the long drawn out contest for the Arlington estate in favor of the Lee heirs, who will now be content to sell the property to the government at a fair price. The case has been appealed, but in all probability the judgment will stand and a recommendation be made by the Supreme Court to purchase the ground. A large number of Union soldiers are buried on it.

HON. A. S. Brann, of Newport, has delivered at several points in this State, a lecture on "Compulsory Education and Internal Improvements," which is highly spoken of by the press. It would gratify numbers of people in this county if the gentleman could spare the time to come here and deliver it.

SENATOR CONKLING has lost his hold on the Senate, and Hayes and his "Clerk Sherman" are in the ascendancy. The New York Custom House appointments were confirmed after a six hours secret session, although violently opposed by Conkling, much to his chagrin and discomfiture.

THE Louisville Almshouse was destroyed by fire last Friday, causing a loss of \$175,000 and the death of four or five of the inmates, of whom there were three hundred and fifty. The fire was caused by a paper knocking the ashes from his pipe into some combustible material.

B. F. JONES has been elected by the Louisiana Legislature to succeed Senator J. B. Eustis. He is a native of Illinois, but cast his lot with the people of the South before the war, and served throughout the "humblest" with distinction.

BILL BARNES, the Menace murderer, who was sentenced a few days ago to the Penitentiary for life, has been lodged in jail at Lexington, to await the action of the Court of Appeals on his application for a new trial.

THREE boys aged respectively, sixteen, fourteen and ten, the only dependents for support of a widowed mother, were drowned in the Ohio, at Louisville, last Sunday, by the overrunning of a skiff.

**THE Plague,** which is described as a fever with chills, hot skin and fatal fracture of bones under the arm, in the neck and groin, has reached Russia, and is spreading in every direction, devastating the towns and country, and leaving scarcely enough people to bury the dead. A cable dispatch gives the origin of the plague thus: "A Cossack, returning from the war to Viechtlanck, brought his lady love a shawl, which she wore two days, and sickened with all the symptoms of the plague, and died. The following four days other members of her family died. The disease spread rapidly. Thousands dying before the authorities took measures for the arrest of the fearful disease."

GIVENS, Esq., express money clerk at Nashville, who in 1876 absconded with \$10,000 of the Company's money, has voluntarily returned and delivered himself to the jailer of that city. He says that during his absence he has roamed everywhere, unable to release himself from the thought that he was pursued and that an officer was ever near him to lodge him in jail. He knew no rest, and he could not free himself from a gloom that would settle over him, so he returned to beg the court to make his term in the Penitentiary as short as possible, so that he could work it off and again become a free man.

FROM YESTERDAY'S DAILES.—Miss Fitzgerald has been elected Librarian of Indiana. Of course she's a Democrat. A \$25,000 appropriation for the improvement of the Mississippi River passed the House on Wednesday... One hundred and five ballots were taken in the Convention to nominate a candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney at Lexington on Wednesday, without result. Bronson is still in the lead.

The President will appoint R. E. Preston to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. Linderman, as Director of Mints. He has been L.'s assistant.

MR. BIRCHARD, of Illinois, has presented a bill in Congress, and believing that that one should be the highest in our list, desiring that as regards high office the delegates be unremunerated and free in the selection of a suitable name.

B. B. HARRIS, of Terre Haute, and Danville Adams are requested to publish the proceedings of the meeting.

MR. G. A. C. Rochester moved that the resolutions be aggregated and voted on separately, which was adopted. Mr. Britton moved to substitute the name of John C. Underwood for Dr. Blackburn, and Col. W. A. Burns, of Hyattsville, a general, as a substitute to both:

Desiring to have at least one office in our state from the usual acts of the politician, and believing that that one should be the highest in our list, desiring that as regards high office the delegates be unremunerated and free in the selection of a suitable name.

A TERROR TO MOONSHINERS.—Mr. B. R. Wilmon writes us from London, that in a six days' hunt he recently captured seven moonshiners. Hence is making considerable reputation as a Deputy United States Marshal.

B. B. MATTHEWS.—During the absence of Mr. John S. Slavin, B. B. Agent at Pine Hill, who has gone to see his brother in Garrison, his place was well filled by Mr. W. A. Burns, of Hyattsville, a general, agreeable young gentleman.

K. K. K.—W. H. Albright came into town Wednesday night, having in charge T. J. Hardin, whom he had arrested on a bench warrant, charging him with Ku Kluxing in 1877. Mr. Hardin is now a guest of Mr. Hall and James Lynn.

4th. That should any one of the persons instructed by this meeting be dropped in the Convention, their local delegates are authorized to exercise their best judgment in casting their votes. The delegates with whom we have contracted for as long as possible before the Convention.

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4th. That should any one of the persons instructed by this meeting be dropped in the Convention, their local delegates are authorized to exercise their best judgment in casting their votes. The delegates with whom we have contracted for as long as possible before the Convention.

B. B. HARRIS, of Terre Haute, and Danville Adams are requested to publish the proceedings of the meeting.

MR. G. A. C. Rochester moved that the resolutions be aggregated and voted on separately, which was adopted. Mr. Britton moved to substitute the name of John C. Underwood for Dr. Blackburn, and Col. W. A. Burns, of Hyattsville, a general, as a substitute to both:

Desiring to have at least one office in our state from the usual acts of the politician, and believing that that one should be the highest in our list, desiring that as regards high office the delegates be unremunerated and free in the selection of a suitable name.

A TERROR TO MOONSHINERS.—Mr. B. R. Wilmon writes us from London, that in a six days' hunt he recently captured seven moonshiners. Hence is making considerable reputation as a Deputy United States Marshal.

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# The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, February 7, 1870.

## THE ELECTION.

January 31—Cloudy Thermometer 47° at noon  
February 1st Partly cloudy Therm. 39° at noon  
2nd—4° clear Therm. 30° at noon  
3rd—Cloudy " 39° " "  
5th—Cloudy " 39° " "  
6th—Rainy " 40° " "  
7th—Rainy " 38° " "

## LOCAL NOTICES.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco, Those indebted to Anderson & McHols- ets can find their accounts ready at the old stand.

BLACKSMITHING done in good order and at bottom prices, by H. G. Alford, 111½ Main street.

WEED PERSONAL PROPERTY "HACK- TACK" is rich and fragrant if it is. Sold by E. R. Cheneau, Stanford.

I am just compelled to have what I desire, and my customers will confer a favor by settling their accounts at once. John W. Wallace.

Bohne & Stagg have dissolved partnership and their business must be settled up. All indebted are asked to call at the old stand and settle forthwith.

MERCHANTS & STRANG are now fully straightened up in the old stand of Anderson & McHolserts, and will be pleased to have their old friends continue their patronage. Their stock will always be neat and comprise every article kept by a first-class Retail Drug Store.

HAVE YOU DYSPEPSIA, are you Constituted, have you a pale, slow skin? Look at me. Doctor, Doctor! If you don't fall for me, tell me, "Sister, Sister, VITRIOL." It is guaranteed to relieve you, and will you continue in suffer when you can be relieved on such terms as these. Price 10cts. and 75cts. Sold by E. R. Cheneau, Stanford.

FOR MIST CURE THAT COUGH—With Shiloh's Consumption Cure you can cure yourself. It has established the fact that Consumption can be cured, while for Coughs, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Rheumatism, &c., &c., &c., Lung Disease is absolutely without a cure. Two does will relieve your child of Cough. It is pleasant to take and perfectly harmless to the youngest child, and no mother can afford to be without it. You can use two thirds of a bottle and what we say is not true we will refund the price paid. Price 10cts. 50cts. and \$1 per bottle. You can buy it at any store or chest or back tank, or Shiloh's Potions Plaster. Sold by E. R. Cheneau, Stanford.

## PERSONAL.

REV. J. A. BREWER, of Hazardville, put in a pleasant appearance on Monday.

MR. W. H. MILLER, of the Lancaster Hotel, appeared in his usual Monday suit.

MR. W. T. BROWN, a rising young lawyer from Monticello, was seen on Monday last.

MR. WILL CRAVEN, of Rosenberg & Co., Cincinnati, spent a few days at his father's this week.

MR. JONES H. CHAMBERS has now connected with the band and shoe house of Adolph & Myer, Cincinnati.

MISS WILLIE BURTON, of Louisville, who has been visiting Mrs. D. B. Johnson, left yesterday for Columbia College.

MR. C. H. BURNEY, familiarly known as "Chick," is one of the cleverest Express Messengers in the hotel business. Long may he live.

MISS ANNIE OWEN, of Woodford, and Misses Wharley, of Danville, a party of beauties, are guests of Dr. Green.

MR. C. E. HOWARD, for Lieutenant Governor, and Capt. T. D. Mearns, for Register of the Land Office, were the only candidates present at the Convention.

MR. J. L. PITT, of Lexington, our stalwart of Kentucky, spent a few days with his friends here this week, en route to Tennessee to visit his father, now eighty years old.

MR. W. H. MITTON, the engineer who wired his train from a fearful wreck last week, near Chicago, had his engine repaired, and now puts her through with the same confidence of years.

MR. M. SOUTT and Master Johnson, a wife and son of Lieutenant John Scott, of Fort Sanders, Wyoming Territory, is on a visit of several months to his mother, Mrs. John Scott, of High Orchard.

MISS ROBERTA ANDREW CHARLES, pupil of the Law School, of Princeton University, has come to attend the funeral of their mother. They returned yesterday, as they are eager to graduate in July next.

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# The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, February 7, 1879.

## JUD. BROWN'S ACCOUNT OF THE RENSTEIN PIANO-PLAYING.

(Corrected by the author for re-publication in the Richmond "Daily Dispatch.")

"Jud., they say you heard Rubenstein play when you were in New York."

"I did in the cool."

"Well, tell us about it."

"What! me? I might well tell you about the creation of the world!"

"Come, now; no mock modesty, Giahead."

"Well, sir, he had the bluestest, biggest, cutty-cornerdest pianist you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distorted billiard table on three legs. The lid was helsted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been, held a tore the intire inside out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of Heaven."

"Played well, did he?"

"You be he did; but don't interrap' me. When he first set down he 'peared to keep mighty little 'bout playin', and wish he hadn't come. He twiddle-tedled a little on the tribble, and two-diddle-coddle'd some on the base—just foolin' as' boxin' the thing's jaws for hold in his way. And longs to a man settin' next to me. 'What sort fool playin' is that?' And he says, 'Heish!' But presently his han's commenced chasin' one 'nother up an' down the keys, like a pessel of rats scampin' thro' a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage."

"Now," says I to my neighbor, he's showin' off. He thinks he's doin' it, but he hasn't got an idea no plan of nothin'. If he'd play me up a tune of some kind or other, I'd—"

"But my neighbor says, 'Heish' very impatient.

"I was just about to git up an' go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird wakin' up in the woods and callin' sleepy-like to his mate, an' I looked up and I see Rubenstein was beginnin' to take some interest in his business, and I set down again. The music began to make pictures for me faster than you could shake a stick, to tell tales like the story books, and to start all sorts of feelings—it just tooted me like I was a child wherever it pleased, an' showed me all kind of things that isn't and couldn't never be. It was the peep of day. The light come faint from the East, the breeze blew gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, an' all begun singin' together. People begin to stir, an' the gal opened the shutters, just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms, a little more an' it took the roses on the bushes; an' the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed; the birds sing, like they'll split their little throats; and all the leaves was movin', an' flashin' diamonds of dew, an' the whole wide world was bright an' happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, an' not a sick child or woman any where. It was a fine mornin'."

"An' I says to my neighbor, 'that's music, that's.'

"But be glar'd at me like he'd like to cut my throat."

"Presently the wind turned; it began to thicken up, and a kind of grey cloud came over things; I got low spirits directly. Then a silver rain began to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl ear rings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty, but melancholly. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams running between golden gravel, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent, except that you could kiude see the music, specially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along down the valley. I could see the flowers in the meadow; but the sun didn't shine nor the birds sing; It was a foggy day, but not cold. The most curious thing, though, was the little white angel boy, like you see in the pictures, that run ahead of the music brook, an' led it on and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was—I never was, certain. I could see that boy just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shaded on the grave yards, where some few ghosts lifted their hands and went over the wall, an' between the black, sharp-top trees, splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lit-up windows, an' men that loved 'em, but could never get a sight 'em, and played on guitars under the trees, and made me that unbearable I could a-cried, because I wanted to love some body. I don't know who, better than the men with guitars did. The sun went down, and it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, an' I could a-got up then an' than an' preached a better sermon than I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for—not a blame thing; an' yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I kee that I never laid eyes on a-sore, I couldn't understand it. I hung my an' never expect to again. Day was

breakin' by the time I got to the St. Nicholas Hotel, an' I pledge you my word I didn't know my name! The man asked me the number of the new year was, for to say that it would be a natty gude time for him to rassle with his father's painfe habit of kickin' a man wish is down.

Moses Adams.

## FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

### Lessons In Natural History and Other Things.

One time there was a ole man had a pig, as the pig had a hairy tail, but ole Gaffer Peterses has got a hair on it, and the ole man's girl has curly hair, too, so she puts it up in paper. So one day the ole man eat his head off in interest and I didn't have no use for mine except I paid it back to the very man I had borrowed it of, which was your father. Uncle Johnny, seech aadie's will help in my family, but I must confess they have been occur as a pretty reglar thing in this sense I found, out a dot share way to beat the stock market. You fathers unfelin' hint that it is time for to swair of a mighty right outta a man which has been in Injy and every where, periekler just wen he has been giv a pint by a feller with a on the inside; but Johnny, sum times is chock-headend galoots about stox that other fokes is afraid to back their own flesh and blood. Yes, my boy, one of the few fechers of this gittin rich by stox is it makes a man do his broth-

"Go it, my Babe!"  
"Evry blazed man, woman and child in the house riz on an' shout-ed—"Put him out! put him out!"

"Put your great-grandmother's grizzy grey greenish cat into the middle of next month!" says I. "Teach me, if you dar? I paid my money—and you just come a-nigh me!"

"With that, some several plicemen run up, and I had to dinner down, But I would a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Baby out or die.

"He had changed his tune agin. He kept-light ladies and tip-toed fine from end to end of the key-board. He played soft, and low, and solent, I heard the church-bells over the hills. The candles in Heaven was lit. One by one I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. Then the music changed to water, full of thought that couldn't be thought, much less told about, and began to drop—drop, drop, drip, drop—clear and sweet, like tears of joy fallin' into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweet as a sweetbriar's sweetin' sweetens with white sugar mixt with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was so sweet, I tell you the audience cheered. Ieuben, he kindly bowed, like he wanted to say, "Much obligeget, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrupt me."

"He stoop a minit or two to fetch breath. Then he got wowl. He run his fingers through his ha'r, he shoved up his sleeves, he opened his coat tails a little further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that ole planner. He shap her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratchet her cheeks till she fairly yelled. He knuck her down, and he stomped on her shameful. She belloved like a bull, she bleared like a calf, she howled like a hound, and she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and then he wouldn't let her up. Her a quarter stretch down the and knees, and Sammy went in the mud and woller, wile Billy belled like distant thunder. Bimeby Sammy he cum out mudly, you never seen such a mudly little-feller, and he said:

"Pretty much all over." Then the man be shake his head an said a other time:

"Thats a mighty bad place to be stuck abed in."

But the pig grunted, much us to say:

"Thats a flick, but wen a feller is took sudden he aust put up with such evanulations as he can git an not be a hog about it."

One day Billy, thots my brother, he and Sammy Doppay was play by a mud-hole, and Billy he said :

"Now, Sammy, les play we was a barnyard; you be the pig and lie down and woller, and Ibe a bull and belcher like every thing."

So they got down on to their hans and knees, and Sammy he went in the mud and woller, wile Billy belled like distant thunder. Bimeby Sammy he cum out mudly, you never seen such a mudly little-feller, and he said:

"Now you be the pig an' let me better."

But Billy he said:

"I ain't a very good pig 'fore dinner, and ittle be time 'muff for you to belcher, wen yore mother sees you close of 'em."

A man wish had been put in the penitentiary cos he stole a horse, he got out and run away with his strip close on. And one day he was a rounjin' awy he met a zebry. So the man he linked wile a stinsh, and then he sed:

"How long was you put in for?"

But the zebry it didnt say any thing, and after a while the man he said:

"How did you git out?"

Then the zebry it didnt say no thing a other time, so the man he said:

"I have ten tole there is a place were you put fellers in the penitentiary with steel horses, but here I gess they put fthers in nich are stode, and I hope itaint no offense for to say I think that just the way it or to be."

One time there was a man had a ennume, and the ennume it was a show, and the man wish had it he was a ride it to a other town, and he met a other man wish was pushin' a wed barro. Then the wed barro mate he was a stinsh, and he linked up to the feller onto the cammies back and he said:

"I guess you while be safer if you walk out a liten rod onto your horse."

Then the ennume book feller he sed:

"Yes, and I gess you woud ride more comfortable if you put a seat in your wagon."

But wen I rode little Sallie Brope in mine she was upset and I never seen een a straddle-bug in my life, so faded, and Billy he didn't in his.

Wile we was to our dinner Uncle Ned he sed:

"Johnny, do you know that New Year's Day has come, an at this season the swearin off is first rate?"

And my father he spoke up and said:

"Yes, Edard, un it is the hope of this family that you will improol the easion by sevirs yore canexon with the mining intrests of the State of Nevada."

"When I come to, I was under the ground about twenty foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, treatin' a Yan-

kees in the best and most fashionable style. Up under the sea Amph Mavis.

Ned he turned red like lobsters, an' after a while he sed.

"The reason why I calld Johnny tension to the subjects of the new year was for to say that it woud be a natty gude time for him to rassle with his father's painfe habit of kickin' a man wish is down.

Moses Adams.

Then, all of a sudden, old Rubenstein an' blotted my nose loud to keep from cryin'. My eyes is weak, any way, I

wish I didn't know my name! The man asked me the number of the new year was, for to say that it woud be a natty gude time for him to rassle with his father's painfe habit of kickin' a man wish is down.

Moses Adams.

## NOTES AND QUOTATIONS.

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